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DEACON & PETERSON. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. HALF A CENTURY OLD!

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ABLEST WRITERS. That our readers are interested in the names of the authors of the articles published in this paper, we have the pleasure to announce that we have secured the services of some of the most distinguished writers of the day.

NEWS OF THE WEEK. As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we will devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

Select Poetry. UNDER THE ICE. Under the ice the waters run; Under the ice the waters run; The genial glow of the summer's sun Shall loosen their fetters, by and by.

Dr. Spencer's Great Crime. A STORY TOLD BY A PHYSICIAN. I was sitting in my office, half dozing over an interminable article on defective nutrition in the last medical review.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. HALF A CENTURY OLD! ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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through the desire of her dying father, Alice Herndon became James Spencer's wife. Before that she was a healthy, blooming girl; immediately after this marriage she began to fail. Do you see anything strange in that? 'Not necessarily.'

Dr. Spencer returned the morning after my visit to the Clifton House. He looked wretchedly the nurse said—appeared gloomy and depressed. Miss Melrose came with him, and was decorously sad over the death of her sister. Women of her stamp always mourn to perfection. They neither overdo or underdo the thing, as women of feeling are likely to do.

Dr. Spencer accepted it, and was putting it to her lips, when Mrs Hurd interrupted. 'If you will bring her a tumbler of water, doctor; Dr. Spencer complains that the cordial leaves a bad taste in her mouth, and my bones are so full of rheumatism that it nearly kills me to go down stairs.'

When she spoke of her husband it was with a sort of hopeless sadness, which distressed me greatly. 'Not a breath of suspicion against him in her answer to my questions, and I felt sure that at present she knew nothing of what Mrs. Hurd had said serious apprehensions. I was glad it was so, for, with her finely strong organization, it might have produced serious results. I made my examination of the patient as closely as I could, and drew my own conclusion I could have sworn that Mrs. Spencer daily swallowed arsenic in small quantities, and the deadly drug was tending fearfully on a constitution never very robust.'

He was unwell in the extreme, avoiding his neighbors persistently, and when he did speak, it was in such a curt, half savage way that one was not likely to attempt prolonging the conversation. The doctor had a wife, it was said, but no one ever saw her. She was an invalid, and Miss Melrose, a friend of the family, presided over the establishment and sat at the head of the table.

As we walk along, said my companion, 'let me explain to you just what is necessary you should know. My mistress is very ill.' 'I beg your pardon—is it Mrs. Spencer or Miss Melrose?' She laughed bitterly. 'Miss Melrose! I would stab her to the heart sooner than own her as a mistress. My mistress is a lady—noble, royal, and of gentle birth. It is an honor to serve my mistress.'

'And she is ill? How long since?' 'Ever since she married him—course him,' she muttered in a fierce tone; 'but I must not get excited. I must tell my story, or rather hers. Two years ago, a ring at the bell made me tremble—a step on the gravel outside my office stopped my breath, and I hardly knew what I expected to hear, and yet I felt sure that before I slept I should hear something.

In the year 1745 a bloody battle was fought around the village of St. Antoine, through De Barri's wood, and on the plain around Fontenoy, between the English and the French. The Duke of Cumberland, son of George Duke, of England, led the English; Marshal Saxe commanded the French. The French had the advantage in the earlier part of the fight, but 'the bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye, and ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.' This consisted of 6,000 English veterans—British guards—'cannon blazed in front and flank—Lord Hay was at their head.'

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NEAR a late New Jersey camp-metropolitan, two clergymen, a Baptist and Methodist, were walking, when they saw a little girl sitting on a stone, who was weeping bitterly. 'What is the matter, my little girl?' asked the Baptist, kindly. 'My father was k-killed on the railroad a few days ago, and has just been buried, sir; and my mother is sick a-bed and can't work, and we haven't nothing to eat and don't know what to do,' sobbed the little girl, crying as if her heart would break. 'A truly lamentable case; I do indeed pity you,' said the Baptist, frigidly, as if he were pitying some ice-cream he could not eat. 'How much do you pay her, Brother C? 'Pity her five dollars,' yelled the Methodist, as he threw a 'V' into the girl's lap.

'I double your pile, Brother P,' the Baptist brother said, as he slowly placed an X over the V. 'I go you one better,' the Methodist vowed, as he put a ten on the other's money. I never your stake Brother P, and the Baptist clergyman's expression showed he was getting excited, as a twenty from his purse was put on the rapidly increasing pile.

'I'll top the spoils with a fifty, howed Brother P, as he drew out his last note, and placed the sum with the others, glaring savagely at his companion.—Here's a hundred dollar note, little girl, said the Baptist, quite blandly, now that he had got ahead of his Methodist brother-in-law in the Lord: You may rabe in the spoils, for you've 'cleansed out' and 'euchred' both my friend and myself, and left us both 'dead broke.' They then walked off humming a hymn. Now what we would like to know is, what did those clergymen do before they were converted?

GROWING A TREE FOR A COFFIN. 'The man who can have his coffin made while alive must look at death philosophically. We hear of a case in Point Pecon county, North Carolina. Mr. Richard Harris, who lived near Bradsher's Store, thirty years ago, turned out a sassafras tree to grow for the purpose of making a coffin, and about twelve months ago the old man had it cut down and set some one in Roxborough to make his coffin out of it.

The old chap occasionally gets in it, and stretches himself out by way of showing neighbors a 'fit.' He paid the maker in wheat, so he is one living man who will have no fuss over his grave about the coffin when dead. This reminds us of an old coon in Murfreesboro North Carolina, who had a coffin case in iron before the war.

He had his grave dug and walled up with brick, with a magnificent tombstone setting forth his name, place of birth, and fixing his death, 'somewhere about the year 1861.' But he was alive and kicking in 1867. The old chap kept his iron coffin in it. The crib needed no lock at night, for you couldn't get a negro to go near it after dark.

RIDING horseback just at night through the woods in Saginaw County, Michigan I came into a clearing in the middle of which stood a log house, its owner sitting in the open door smoking his pipe. Stopping my horse before him, the following conversation ensued: 'Good evening,' said I. 'Good evening,' said I. 'Can I get a glass of milk of you, to drink?'

'Well, I don't know. Ask the old woman.' 'Well, I don't know. Ask the old woman.' 'Well, I don't know. Ask the old woman.' 'Well, I don't know. Ask the old woman.'

FOR THE BENEFIT OF BACHELORS. A gentleman of Newstead, Me., desiring the services of a laboring man, started one morning recently to go to a rural district in the interior. On his way he met a highly respectable lady, not as young as she once was, and making inquiry of her, finally asked the question direct: 'Can you tell me where I can find a man?'